K. Caroline Queen to George II 10
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To Her Royal Highness the

PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*. *Nov.* 1714.

TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonson*, at *Shakespear*'s-*Head* over-againſt *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*. 1716.

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PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*. *Nov.* 1714.

THE Muſe that oft, with ſacred Raptures fired,
Has gen'rous Thoughts of Liberty inſpired,
And, boldly riſing for *Britannia*'s Laws,
Engaged great *Cato* in her Country's Cauſe,
On You ſubmiſſive waits, with Hopes aſſured,
By whom the mighty Bleſſing ſtands ſecured,
And all the Glories, that our Age adorn,
Are promis'd to a People yet unborn.

No longer ſhall the widow'd Land bemoan
A broken Lineage, and a doubtful Throne;
But boaſt her Royal Progeny's Increaſe,
And count the Pledges of her future Peace.

O Born to ſtrengthen and to grace our Iſle!
While You, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-ſpring ſmile
Supplying Charms to the ſucceeding Age,
Each Heav'nly Daughter's Triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' Illuſtrious Youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Thou too, the Darling of our fond Deſires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her Arms, requires,
With manly Valour and attractive Air
Shalt quell the Fierce, and captivate the Fair,
O *England's* younger Hope! in whom conſpire
The Mother's Sweetneſs, and the Father's Fire!
For Thee perhaps, ev'n Now, of Kingly Race
Some dawning Beauty bloom's in ev'ry Grace,
Some CAROLINA, to Heav'n's Dictates true,
Who, while the Scepter'd Rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn Worth with conſcious Eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' Imperial Diadem for Thee.

Pleas'd with the Proſpect of ſucceſſive Reigns,
The tuneful Tribe no more in daring Strains

Shall

Shall vindicate, with pious Fears oppreſt,
Endanger'd Rights, and Liberty Diſtreſt:
To milder Sounds each Muſe ſhall tune the Lyre,
And Gratitude, and Faith to Kings inſpire,
And Filial Love; bid impious Diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding Factions into Peace;
Or riſe Ambitious in more lofty Lays,
And teach the Nation their new Monarch's Praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful Look, and Godlike Mind,
And *Cæſar*'s Pow'r with *Cato*'s Virtue join'd.

Mean-while, Bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful Eaſe
And native Majeſty, are form'd to pleaſe,
Behold thoſe Arts with a propitious Eye,
That ſuppliant to their great Protectreſs fly!
Then ſhall they Triumph, and the *Britiſh* Stage
Improve her Manners, and refine her Rage,
More noble Characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſht Heroines from You.

Nor You the kind Indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the Labours of the deathleſs Muſe:

The

The deathleſs Muſe with undiminiſht Rays
Through diſtant Times the lovely Dame conveys.
To GLORIANA *Waller*'s Harp was ſtrung;
The Queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the Poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe Graces, in your Frame combin'd,
The common Fate of Mortal Charms may find;
(Content Our ſhort-liv'd Praiſes to engage,
The Joy and Wonder of a Single Age,)
Unleſs ſome Poet in a laſting Song
To late Poſterity their Fame prolong,
Inſtruct our Sons the radiant Form to prize,
And ſee Your Beauty with their Fathers' Eyes.

TO

TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A Godlike Form, by Thee diſplay'd
In all the force of Light and Shade;
And, Aw'd by thy deluſive Hand,
As in the Preſence-chamber ſtand.

The Magick of thy Art calls forth
His Secret Soul and Hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildneſs ſhows,
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:

In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
Does ſome exalted Vertue ſhine,
And *Albion*'s Happineſs we trace
Through all the Features of his Face.

O may I live to hail the Day,
When the glad Nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide Command,
Paſſing in Progreſs o'er the Land!
Each Heart ſhall bend, and ev'ry Voice
In loud applauding Shouts rejoice,
Whilſt All his Gracious Aſpect praiſe,
And Crowds grow Loyal as they Gaze.

This Image on the Medal place'd,
With its Bright Round of Titles grace'd,
And Stamp'd on *Britiſh* Coins ſhall Live;
To Richeſt Ores the Value give,
Or, wrought within the Curious Mould,
Shape and adorn the Running Gold.
To bear this Form, the Genial Sun
Has daily, ſince his Courſe begun,
Rejoice'd the Metal to Refine,
And Ripen'd the *Peruvian* Mine.

Thou,

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble Pride
(The Foremoſt of thy Art) ha'ſt vied
With Nature in a gen'rous Strife,
And touch'd the Canvas into Life.
Thy Pencil has, by Monarchs ſought,
From Reign to Reign in Ermine wrought,
And, in their Robes of State array'd,
The Kings of half an Age diſplay'd.

Here ſwarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with Dejected Air;
Triumphant *Naſſau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, Great as when ſhe ſent
Her Armies through the Continent,
E'er yet her Hero was diſgrac't:
O may fam'd BRUNSWICK be the Laſt,
(Though Heav'n ſhou'd with my Wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy Art in Thee)
The Laſt, the Happieſt *Britiſh* King,
Whom Thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!

Wiſe *Phidias*, thus his Skill to prove,
Through many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,

And taught the poliſh'd Rocks to ſhine
With Airs and Lineaments divine;
Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' Aſſembled Deities ſurvey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chaſe the Fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading Oak, was there;
Old *Saturn* too with up-caſt Eyes
Beheld his Abdicated Skies;
And mighty *Mars*, for War renown'd,
In Adamantine Armour frown'd;
By Him the childleſs Goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted Threads; the Webb ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a Loom of Marble hung:
Thetis the troubled Ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a Mortal, next was ſeen
(Reclining on a Fun'ral Urn)
Her ſhort-liv'd Darling Son to Mourn.
The Laſt was He, whoſe Thunder flew
The *Titan*-race, a Rebel Crew,
That from a Hundred Hills, allie'd
In impious Leagues, their King defie'd.

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
Produc'd, his Art was at a ſtand:
For who wou'd hope New Fame to raiſe,
Or riſque his well-eſtabliſh'd Praiſe,
That, his high Genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!

FINIS.